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ABSTRACT

This paper examines the role of women in the 1957 desegregation of Arkansas's Central High School, using data from interviews with black and white teachers and other prominent community members at the time. The paper shares stories of teachers, students, the Mother's League, the Women's Emergency Community, and Daisy Bates, president of the Arkansas National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It examines the memoirs and diaries of nine black students who noted that ongoing racism was perpetuated by a small number of white troublemakers who would have hassled some other vulnerable group had the black students not been there. Teachers who supported black students coped with regular attacks, ostracism, and firing. Mother's League members were uneducated and racist. Their husbands used them as a front for publicizing their racist ideas. The educated, aggressive Women's Emergency Committee members worked to reopen closed, segregated schools and reinstate fired teachers. Daisy Bates and her husband had their lives threatened, home attacked, and business boycotted. In the end, the authority of the U.S. Supreme Court was upheld and the school was integrated. However, determination to prevent integration kept growing, and the battle raged for 2 more years. (SM)

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The Role of Gender in the Crisis at Central High, 1957.

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The Role of Gender in the Crisis at Central High, 1957

Introduction

While the events surrounding the desegregation of Central High School in 1957 have been referenced in volumes of books and miles of video tape, the roles played by women and the Anglo community are often over-looked, if not omitted. From the leadership of Daisy Bates, as president of the local chapter of the NAACP, to the commitment of Elizabeth Huckaby, whose memoirs formed the text for the movie, *Crisis at Central High*,[1] the role of women is paramount.

Only recently being recognized, largely because they are reaching an old age, are the women who came together in 1958-1959 to reopen the schools after the governor closed them, to oust the prejudice school board who fired the 40 Anglo teachers who were identified as "encouragers of integration," and to lead major efforts in the General Assembly to eliminate Jim Crow laws and set the state on the course of honoring civil rights. Also often overlooked, but honored beautifully in Ms. Bates' book, *The Long Shadow of Little Rock*,[2] are the many Anglos in the community who, because of their efforts to assist the Little Rock Nine, and Ms. Bates, in successfully and safely integrating the school, lost their lives, their homes, and their careers. This is their story, too.

Critical ideas that inform and broaden our understanding of this important time in American history are numerous. Just as women depended on men to champion their cause to obtain the right to vote and blacks depended on whites to open doors for them (as well as other people of color), some of those who suffered the most in Little Rock were people of principle who held important positions in the white society, e.g., the white

ministers who marched that first day alongside the Little Rock Nine who lost their churches and in at least one case the life of a son, the fire chief whose car was blown up, the mayor whose office was bombed, the police chief who committed suicide after a year of taunting by his fellow policemen, the newsmen who lost their jobs or sent their families out of state because of threats, and the distinguished Congressman whose long career ended.

Secondly, the phenomenal effort mounted by the Women's Emergency Committee (WEC) is a story both humorous and worthy of exploration. As we know women have always done, these determined ladies networked across organizations, race, religion, and class, and, generally, ignored "conventional wisdom." They learned to lobby effectively, canvas neighborhoods, and get out the vote.

Third, many, both black and white, male and female, are just beginning to talk about this time. Several confessed to me that until the 40th Anniversary (1997), they had not discussed the events, and their feelings about them, with anyone. Each time I share the story with my prospective teachers, they are left speechless. To learn what the teachers endured, to attempt to realize the crisis mentality, to wonder what they might do if pressed to support an unpopular cause within their school, is an awesome reckoning with their choice to be educators.

Ernest Green, the only African-American to graduate that fateful year, said in an interview, "There were three kinds of teachers." There were the few on whom we knew we could depend. For an hour a day, I knew I could breathe easy in their classes. There were the few, unfortunately, who were the enemy. We put on our emotional armor when we went into their classes. But, the majority of the teachers were an unknown. We did not

know how they felt. We did not know if we were safe with them. It was the not knowing that was maddening. Our future teachers can use this bit of history to grasp the importance of helping students to feel safe. A safe hour every day is a precious gift we each can give.[3]

Data Collection

This research has been an ongoing love of mine for some years. I have interviewed, in some cases multiple times, both black and white teachers from the era and have fond memories of meals shared with Ms. Bates at an annual awards event. I also interviewed ministers and others prominent in the community at the time. I have, of course, read extensively. The most enlightening book about the women's role in this effort in *Breaking the Silence: Little Rock's Women's Emergency Committee to Open Our Schools 1958-1963*,[4] written by Dr. Sarah Murphy as she was dying. Unfortunately, both Ms. Huckaby and Ms. Bates died in 1999.

The Women

This paper will focus primarily on the women who endured this difficult time. Included are the stories of the teachers, the students, the Mother's League, the Women's Emergency Committee, and Ms. Daisy Bates.

Since the 40th Anniversary a number of new accounts of these events have been published. One of the most unique is Beth Roy's *Bitters in the Honey: Tales of Hope and Disappointment across Divides and Race and Time*. Through her lens we see a picture of the "rank and file," the students who populated Central High in 1957. She advocates that one cannot separate the events of these fateful years from the issues of race, class, and gender. [6]

Many of the acts, memorialized in the memories and diaries of the nine black students, were perpetuated by a small number of trouble makers who would have been hassling some other vulnerable group had the black students not been so ready of a target. While not to detract from the fear and humiliation of the nine black students, when seen through the lens of the other white students, these were pranks, i.e., the kinds of pranks such student (mainly boys) had done to get attention throughout their school careers.[7]

That brings to attention the need to understand what it meant to grow up male and female in the South at this period of time. The foul language, taunting, jostling in a spirit of fun, general "bad-mouthing" and pranks were just "boys being boys." Theses acts took on a totally different connotations, however, when set in the climate of 1957 at Central High. These were guys who were regularly suspended, known as the class clowns, or by more astute students as "jerks." The jesting and foul language was not limited to boys.

Boys were taught, at school and home, the importance of winning. They were also taught that they were superior. Within the male world, however, guys were learning to fight. Either you fought or you were a sissy. The winners are heralded as studs; the losers are weak. There is no alternative. The absence of emotions has been well chronicled for men at this period of time. Having empathy, understanding how one's actions harmed others was not paramount to becoming male. [8]

These boys fought their battles within the peer group, on the football field, and in politics. The young male graduates of Central High escaped combat service. They were too young for Korea and, generally, too old for Vietnam. These students, most destined

for good-paying jobs and/or college degrees, were sharpening their competitive edge. They expected to be masters of their homes and their women.

Women who came of age in this era, defined themselves, primarily, in terms of family. Their goal was to get married, enhance their husband's career by maintaining a happy home and following him wherever the job led.[9] At Central there were a small proportion of girls who looked forward to going to college and did so.

It is at this point that class is worth mentioning. The girls who were from upper middle class families were busy having teas, learning the "graces." They were learning what it was to be a southern belle, perhaps a steel magnolia. They looked upon the girls who were rude and demeaning to the black students as "white trash."

The Students

One of Roy's subjects said it, "If it has been left up to the students, I don't think anything significant would have some of it."[10] I have heard this from others I know who were at Central in 1957. They felt as thought they were cheated of a year of "normal" high school. They blamed the problems on a few students. This is substantiated in the accounts of teachers, as well.

Six of the nine black students were female. The most stark account of what they experienced is recorded in Beals' *Warriors Don't Cry*.[11] White boys loved to corner the black girls in stair wells and private places within the building. Perhaps the most noticed photograph of this historic era is of little Elizabeth Eckford, five feet tall, 90 pounds, surrounded by a screaming mob. All alone, this young 15-year-old walked toward the school. Guards crossed their bayonets in front of her. When she tried to retreat, the mob surrounded her, yelling, spitting, pushing, threatening. "Get her. Linch the black bitch!" "Get a rope and drag her over to this tree."

Dr. Benjamin Fine, education reporter for *The New York Times* followed her closely. It is recorded that he put his arm around her and patted her shoulder, raised her chin and, "Don't let them see you cry!" Dr. Fine, a Jew, saw the crowd turn on him. The National Guard surrounded Fine and reprimanded him for attempting to "incite a riot."[12]

Some girls attempted to preserve the status quo. There was a small group of girls known as the Pentangle Board. The board was composed of representatives of the service clubs. They faithfully wrote hand-written responses to letters of inquiry on the integration question that came from other states and foreign countries. They composed a rather lengthy letter that included this passage

> ...Central High School represents an ordinary school of our nation. Our educational program has not been changed, and the students continue enjoying their activities such as sports and club organizations. Although the nine Negro students are facing a difficult situation at Central this year, they are attending regularly and progressing in their classes.
>
> ... we ...hope that this letter will help you to form a clearer conception of our actions. What the world needs now is a "peace that passes all understanding"; many students.. are working toward that peace....[13]

One scathing response was received from Heidelberg, Germany, asking for more truth and less piety in reply to the inquiry about the true situation at Central. Most replies received were, however, pleasant, and the twelve young women involved in this project learned a great deal about diplomacy and public relations.

A few young ladies sought to be helpful to the black students at the beginning of the school year. After much taunting and threats to their families, their number decreased. Generally speaking, all of the white students simply kept their distance. Many regret that today and have carried a certain amount of guilt with them all of these years for not being willing to be more brave.[14]

The Teachers

The teachers had to arrive earlier than usual to pass through guarded entrance ways. All had been issued identification badges. Shirley Stancil, a counselor, and Elizabeth Huckaby, a Vice Principal, both give accounts of planning their days by the schedules of the students. There were certain catacombed-like crannies in the huge building that were ideal camouflage for attacks on the black students. As Stancil related to me, "I really could not have prevented any assault, but hoped my presence would discourage such. It was my duty to protect these children, just as I would any child. Doing so, however, was much more of a challenge than I ever expected. It is a miracle none were seriously injured or killed." The memory of the year is punctuated for these brave ladies by bomb threats, locker searches, repeated pranks perpetrated on the black students, and concern for their welfare as every day they negotiated the mine fields of bigotry, racism, and hatred.[15]

Collecting cards and posters with hateful messages was an everyday affair, as was the investigation of their origin. Stancil, as counselor, was often put into the role of detective. With that chore came documentation of events, reports, and actions taken. Parents (primarily members of the Mother's League) called daily repeating rumors they had heard in the community about bombs going off, black boys staring at white girls, soldiers watching the girls undress for physical education, etc. On top of the regular duties of faculty, teachers had to contend with the gravity of the moment. Given the climate of the city, any day might have brought physical harm to a child or to a staff member.[16]

For the students and teachers of Central High School, everything was business as usual in that they studied from the same textbooks and the same lessons they would have studied from had there not been mobs and guards surrounding the building. Business as usual? I think not.

One teacher's apartment was bombarded with rocks through the windows to which were attached epitaphs like, "Nigger-Lovin Bitch." Most of the Central High teachers suffered social ostracism. Stancil tells of attending bridge club --

> As I walked into the room, it became quiet. On my way to my table, I overheard a lady say, "She's one of those integrationists. She teaches at Central High."[17]

She, and others, were interrogated by police, accused of being Communists, asked to list and defend daily activities and friendships, labeled in the media as civil rights supporters, were called upon to testify in court, before the school board, and in various hearings. Each occasion brought increased tension and pressure.

Her reaction, as I am sure is true of others, was mixed. It was difficult for her to see herself as anything other than a professional teacher who was doing her job. She had concerns about her own children and worried about her income as she was the sole support of her family while her husband was in pharmacy school. She recounted to me the event that was a "wake-up call."

> I was standing in the kitchen washing dishes after supper and suddenly had the urge to cry. I went into our bedroom and collapsed across the bed, my body racked with sobs. My husband, of course, came to investigate. He insisted I get some help. He meant get a prescription of drugs. I did not want that, but agreed that if he saw symptoms like this again, I would.[18]

On the way home from work in early May, 1959, she heard her name read on the radio as one of the 44 teachers who would not be rehired due to their support of integrationist activities.

Each day the teachers were given a memo from the principal, Jess Matthews, a person who achieved near-sainthood in the eyes of Shirley Stancil and others whose accounts we have. He reminded them of their duty. He thought of every possible contingency. He spoke to the white students, as well, insisting that they call upon their

heritage and pride. By September 18, 1957, his doctor had prescribed for him some tranquilizers. By the end of the year, all of the staff members would be on some sort of medication or had turned to alcohol.[19]

Lola Dunnevant and her friends worried about "protecting" the Negro workers and what to do if shooting broke out. The sense of responsibility laid heavy upon her. Miss Dunnevant was a segregationist, but had, nevertheless, concern for the welfare of all concerned. She wrote,

> The school bristled with bayonets. I think that made people more annoyed than anything else. Annoyed is an understatement... Enraged is a better word. I can take a gun and not be troubled. Guns have always been a part of my life... But bayonets -- well, they arose savage feelings that I did not even know I possessed.....[20]

On another occasion, she wrote, "I am not going to be pert to any of them. They have ... bayonets, and I haven't even got a hat pin."[21]

When the 1958-1959 school year dawned, the most unexpected thing happened. The schools were closed and so began a year of confusion, apprehension, and ultimate fear among faculties, especially the women who were single, or who were the sole support of their families while their husbands were finished medical or law school.

Lola Dunnevant put it best,

> At first we said, "When school opens..." Then, "If school opens next term..." Then, "If and when school opens..." Now it is, "If school should open next fall."[22]

Later she wrote,

> ...everybody seems to have lost spirit -- they just go from day to day.... If school does not open next year, I will have to get another job.[23]

Elizabeth Huckaby took the civil service test, thinking she could get a government job. Shirley Stancil, by the end of this year, was discouraged. She was ready to quite teaching. Dunnevant felt she would have to move somewhere else. She had deliberately moved back to Little Rock and feared having to, as a single lady, pick up and move elsewhere. Worry over having a job was more pronounced among the white teachers.[24]

The principal at Central, Jess Matthews, had encouraged his teachers to remain neutral, to separate themselves from the political issues facing the community and the school. However, there were scars from the previous year. Teachers on the Central faculty had learned that it was not safe to talk around certain people. That split was still evident in 1958-1959. Forty-four of those who had befriended black students in 1957, or who had refused to provide a list of their club memberships, were fired in May of 1959. Much of the data used to defend the dismissal of these teachers had been provided by their fellow teachers who did not support desegregation.[25]

At first, the teachers did not concern themselves with the closing of the schools. It was, at first, sort of a lark, a reprieve. As the year drew on, it was frustrating and annoying. They were not going to be able to teach young people, that which they loved doing. They were, also, sent mixed messages.

At one point, one of the school board members informed them that school would reopen and they were to do everything possible to maintain segregation. At the same time, all teachers were under court orders not to interfere with integration. Their careers were being held hostage to the whims of politics. By the end of the year, their distress was replaced with fear, depression, and anger.[26]

The Mother's League

Most major cities across the South had white Citizens' Councils by this time in history. These were composed of the men of the town. In some cases, as in Little Rock, the men's wives formed a "women's council." In the case of the integration of Central High School, the men used this women's group as a front for publicizing their ideas.

These women, as their husbands, had little education. They were never comprehensively organized. When their husbands wished, they appeared in hats, gloves, etc., and read prepared speeches or addresses at press conferences. They were often introduced as "good Christian women" implying the belief of the radical segregationists that people of dark skin were "of the devil."

These women kept the telephone lines busy at Central High calling in with all sorts of stories of what had happened to their white girls. These included bomb scares, accusations that the "black boys" were staring at their daughters, accusations that the military men were watching their daughters undress for physical education, etc. They kept the administrative staff at Central quite busy chasing down rumors.

In some cases, their daughters did some of the same accusing and name calling. They were suspended. The mothers showed up to defend their daughters "honor." The mothers frequently checked their young people out of school because of rumors of bombs, etc. They also populated the crowds in front of the school on numerous days, screaming obscenities at the black students as they entered the school.

Because they were neither educated nor organized, they accomplished very little, other than providing fodder for the evening news and a lot of trouble for the school authorities. Their counterparts, however, the educated women who decided to take on the

establishment – including Orval Faubus – and successfully reopen schools that were fully integrated were another story.

The Women's Emergency Committee (WEC)

The closing of the schools in 1958 led a group of incredible women to take on the system. In a year's time WEC led the effort to recall the newly elected segregationist school board (Stop This Outrageous Purge campaign) , reinstate the 44 dismissed teachers, honor those teachers for their bravery, and reopen the Little Rock secondary schools.

These ladies were led by Adolphine Terry, a doyenne of Little Rock society. Member of one of the best known families in the state, she was a woman ahead of her time. After meeting with her friends, she called Harry Ashmore, editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, and asked to visit him at his office. Terry was one lady no city leader would, or could, turn down. She donned her hat, white gloves, and determination and paraded into Ashmore's office and wasted no time in telling him just what she had on her mine.

At a dinner honoring her on June 14, 1966, Ashmore, the Pulitzer prize-winning author of multiple books on the civil rights era recounted in this way:

> We came, finally, to the foreordained day when the governor padlocked the city's high schools and turned away all of Little Rock's children, white and colored alike. It was then that Adolphine sighed and said, 'I see. The men have failed again. I'll have to send for the ladies.[27]

That she did. The story of how this band of wealthy women worked to reopen the schools is inspiring. Take over, they did. Terry gathered together a group of well-educated, well-positioned, wealthy women, most of whom were married to physicians, or other professional men. They were assertive, aggressive, and successful in their mission.

They knew how to lobby. They knew how to (or could get assistance from their lawyer husbands) to file friend of the court briefs. They knew how to organize a campaign. They knew how to call people and get out the vote. They knew how to debate skillfully and speak inspiringly. They knew how to face disappointment and ridicule and remain focused. Their organization ran, primarily on word of mouth. They had effective chains of information that ran through the American Association of University Women (AAUW) and the women's organizations within mainline churches, albeit primarily the more liberal variety, e.g., Methodist, Presbyterian. Members of the legislative committees of the major women's organizations were especially valuable.

The legislators, on whom they called, were irritated by the fact that the women knew more than they did. The legislators, most notably State Representative Paul Van Dalsem, did not remain Southern gentlemen for long. He was criticized by then young State Representative David Pryor (later Congressman, Governor, and Senator from Arkansas), who called the legislature a mudhole. At a public debate sponsored by the AAUW, Van Dalsem replied that it was lobbyists that made that mudhole. He eyed his hostesses sharply and retorted that... "the worst" ever to come to the legislature are you women's organizations such as the AAUW, the Women's Voters League and the library group.

Subsequently, on the floor of the legislature, Van Dalsem gave a speech in which he said that the university women needed to be treated the way women in Perry County were, "... keep them bare-footed and pregnant, and if that doesn't work, we give them an extra cow to milk."[28]

Within the year, Van Dalsem's district was gerrymandered into a new territory. WEC, together with the university women, rounded up a candidate and handed him a resounding defeat. The Arkansas Women's Political Caucus later immortalized him by establishing an annual event entitled the "Barefoot and Pregnant, Uppity Women Awards."[29]

WEC was disbanded in late 1963. Upon learning of this, the *Pine Bluff Commercial Appeal* declared, "If the men of Arkansas had more self respect, they would bow their heads at the demise of WEC." The editorial, with the title, "Taps," also offered this admonition:

> The ladies now disband, and thus signal the end of an era in which they were one of the few things to be remembered with pride....In essence, the committee took the lead after this state's so-called leadership had either gone over to the side of retrogression and racism or had fled through the nearest available exit. The ladies now pass the seals of leadership back to their conventional custodians. These custodians ought to be on notice, however, that the committee could be put together again in an afternoon, and doubtless will be should the need arise. [30]

In November, 1997, during the 40th Anniversary Celebration of the Crisis at Central High, a plaque was placed in the Terry home where the dining room table once sat. It was around that table that the women had worked tirelessly to get out the vote, to campaign to succeed in reopening the schools in Little Rock and to rehire 44 "purged" teachers.

Terry's house is now the Decorative Arts Museum. It is a beautiful old family home passed down through generations. You do not have to go to Little Rock to see it, however. You may see it in reruns of the sitcom, *Designing Women*, as the home of the Sugarbakers. Designing women -- indeed.

Miss Daisy

No account of Central High is complete without a discussion of the role played by Daisy Bates. Her account of the year, *The Long Shadow of Little Rock* is one of the finest written.

As in many of life's endeavors, freedoms are not acquired without sacrifice. Daisy Bates [president of the Arkansas National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP)], and her husband, had their lives threatened, their home attacked, and their business boycotted. The threats were constant and there was little protection, other than neighbors who stood guard.[31]

As in many of life's endeavors, freedoms are not acquired without sacrifice. Bates, and her husband, had their lives threaten, their house attacked, and their business boycotted. The parents of a number of the Little Rock Nine lost their jobs. While Green went on to college in Michigan, the other eight students were taken out of state to school. By the end of the year, the NAACP, as well as local authorities, feared for their lives. Mrs. Bates protected, with her life, the list membership list for the NAACP, as it became law that one could not teach and be a member.

The American civil rights movement does not lack for martyrs, and the Little Rock Nine are certainly counted among them. However, many white Americans joined ranks with them, including many of the teachers at Central High, and they paid dearly because of it. Bates calls them heroes.[32] Some did break under the pressure, and some were broken, but none betrayed a devotion to democracy. All served as models for their own, and other people's children.

Conclusion

Perhaps there was a collective sigh of relief in Little Rock, Arkansas,

when the 1957-1958 school year ended without blood shed, without the death, or injury, of students. The power and authority of the United States Supreme Court had been upheld. A large, formerly all-white, southern school, i.e., Central High, had been successfully integrated. The federal troops and the National Guard were gone. The press found new stories to cover. Local law enforcement officers were taken off alert status. The mobs disbanded. Teachers went home for a well-deserved rest. Students began three months of leisure. The slow pace of summer descended upon the beleaguered city.

Tempers, however, had not cooled. Determination to prevent integration was growing and galvanizing in the will of politicians, residents, and staunch segregationists. The battle had only just begun. It was a battle the community would fight over the next two years.

The charge for civil rights was led by black and white, rich and poor, men and women. Learning from the experiences of these brave people will encourage and embolden us to do the right thing when our time comes, when critical issues are on our door step.

Notes

1. Elizabeth Huckaby, *Crisis at Central High: Little Rock 1957-58* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1980).
2. Daisy Bates, *The Long Shadow of Little Rock* (Fayetteville, AR: The University of Arkansas Press, 1987).
3. Ernest Green has recounted this on a number of occasions. It is recorded in *Democracy and Rights; One's Citizen's Challenge* (1988) produced by the close-Up foundation in cooperation with the Smithsonian Institution. He also made this statement on the *Oprah* show, January 15, 1997.
4. Sara Alderman Murphy, *Breaking the Silence: Little Rock's Women's Emergency committee to Open Our Schools, 1958-1963* (Fayetteville, AR: The University of Arkansas Press, 1977).
5. Beth Roy, *Bitters in the Honey: Tales of Hope and Disappointment Across Divides of Race and Time* (Fayetteville, AR: The University of Arkansas Press, 1999).
6. Ibid., 4
7. This is supported by the information given to me in interviews with Mrs. Shirley Stancil. Two interviews were conducted. The first was on 27 December 1995. The second was on 2 June 1997. Mrs. Huckaby also alluded to this fact in her book.
8. Roy, 285. Roy illustrates this in her interviews with former Governor Faubus. She tries to get him to illicit responses in terms of "how things felt." He never answers. In the interviews with Stancil and in Huckaby's book the same can be seen in Jess Matthews, the principal, who repeatedly indicated that life in the school was to go on just as it has always been. Teachers were to act as though nothing unusual was happening.
9. Roy, 326.
10. Ibid., 275.
11. Melba Pattillo Beals, *Warriors Don't Cry: A Searing Memoir of the Battle to Integrate Little Rock's Central High* (New York, NY: Pocket Books, 1994).
12. Bates, 70.
13. Huckaby, 80-81.
14. There are many references to this in Roy's book.
15. Stancil, 1995 and Huckaby.
16. Ibid.
17. Stancil, 1997.
18. Stancil, 1995.
19. Ibid.
20. This comes from Lola Dunnevant's diary which appeared in the *Pulaski County Historical Review 37* (summer 1989) and (fall, 1989). Miss Dunnevant was an avid segregationist. Her wish was that her diary not be made public until she had been dead for 25 years.
21. Ibid.
22. Ibid.
23. Ibid.
24. Huckaby, 80-81.

25. Stancil, 1995.

26. Stancil as recorded in Sondra Herscher Gordy, *Teachers of the Lost year: Little rock School District* Unpublished dissertation. Little Rock, AR: The University of Arkansas at Little Rock, 1996).

27. This account can be found in a number of places. This particular account is from an introduction he gave of Mrs. Terry at a dinner in her honor on June 14, 1966. Harry S. Ashmore recounts it in more than one of his books, two of which are *Hearts and Minds: The Anatomy of Racism from Roosevelt to Reagan* (New York, NY: McGraw Hill, 1982) and *Civil Rights & Wrongs: A Memoir of Race & Politics, 1944-1996* (New York, NY: Pantheon Books, 1984).

28. Stancil, 1997.

29. *Arkansas Gazette*, 28 August 1963.

30. Murphy, "They Would Bow Their Heads," 235, quoting from the *Pine Bluff Commercial Appeal*, 5 November 1963, 3A.

31. Accounts are throughout Bates book.

32. Ibid.

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